

WHITHER?

Are you living with a purpose, is it right?
Have you plans for all your future, day and night?
Are your methods straight and square?
Are your aims pure and fair?
Are you throwing life away?
Are you wearing false array?
Are you satisfied or not,
With your lot?
Stop and think!

There are many lives just drifting from the shore
Casting little where they go or what explore;
Lives that seem aglow with force,
Wavering in uncertain course,
Floating with the tide,
Out on wild ocean wide;
Sails of paper, ropes of sand,
Far from land—
Will they think?

There are other lives pursuing fame and gold,
Power's scepter madly seeking, young and old—
They are rushing blindly on,
Some excited, others wan,
As the bubble shines and glows,
Will they grasp it, ah, who knows?
What a selfish, worthless plan
Is life's plan
As they think.

Still another class of painted butterflies
Fluttering idly in life's gentle summer skies,
Slipping into bonny food,
Not a care does life include—
Pleasure seeking, transient bliss,
Like to them a rose's kiss—
Ah! it's pity they must need
For indeed,
They don't think.

Do, to sail toward some harbor calm and deep,
Where the ship of life could ever gently sleep,
Where the sunshine of content,
Glides the ripple love has lent,
To the bosom of faith's sea,
Softly rocking you and me,
Were a joyous course to take,
For love's sake,
I should think,
—George E. Bowen, in Inter Ocean.

BARITONE'S WIDOW.

How a Mercenary Lover Received
His Just Deserts.

The cool June light was sifting through the screen of grape-leaves that veiled the milk-room window from the inquisitive glare of the sun; the bunch of scarlet field-lilies in the handless blue pitcher was scarcely faded yet; and Columbine Carter, skimming the leathery folds of wrinkling cream from the broad pans, wore a heightened color on her cheeks as she listened to Miss Decima Johnson's words.

"Will Hamerslie going to marry the widow Baritone?" said she. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"You can believe it or not, just as you choose, Biny Carter," said Miss Decima, bridding; "but it's as true as the text of Parson Dillingham's next Sunday sermon. Why shouldn't he marry her, I'd like to know?"

Biny Carter—pronounced "Beeny"—was fair and plump and smooth-skinned, with tender blue eyes, and lips redder than any wild plum. Miss Decima was tall and spectacled, with angles enough for a new edition of "Euclid."

"One reason is," Biny answered, slowly, "that he is engaged to me."

"That don't make no difference," said Miss Decima, with a malicious chuckle; "now that breach-of-promise cases are out of fashion men think they can do as they please. And Mrs. Baritone is a very nice-looking woman yet, if she is gone sixty, and you know there's the legacy she's just received from old Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother, up in Utica. And Will Hamerslie always did set store by money! His father, as everyone knows, was a miser before him!"

Biny Carter went on skimming her milk with compressed lips and a new sparkle in her eyes. She was too proud, before Decima Johnson, to let the tears fall, which were already obscuring her vision.

"Of course he can do as he pleases," said she.

"Oh, of course. Nobody doubts that," retorted Decima Johnson. "But the main thing I came for was to ask if you were going to the donation party to-morrow afternoon?"

"No," said Biny, shortly; "father does not approve of donation parties."

"Miss Baritone and Will Hamerslie are to be there," slyly suggested Miss Decima.

"Are they?" said Biny. "That makes no difference to me."

"Oh!" said Decima; and then, seeing old Squire Ball jogging past in his road wagon, she suddenly remembered that she had promised a crochet pattern to Mrs. Ball; and, taking a hurried leave of Biny Carter, she bounced out into the fervid summer glow of the outside world and disappeared.

Then, and not until then, Biny sat down by a bubbling little spring walled up in the corner of the milk-room and cried.

"Are all men like that, I wonder?" said Biny, addressing her own reflection in the limpid pool. "If they are, I think I'll go and be a nun. Mrs. Baritone, indeed! A woman old enough to be his mother! And the widow of that drunken old fiddler who fell over the Lime Cliffs, three years ago, and perished as miserably as he had lived. And all because of a legacy! Oh, I've no patience with people!"

And then Biny cried harder than ever, and tried to convince herself that the whole story was not true, but only an offshoot of Decima Johnson's imagination.

But it was true. In some things Miss Decima Johnson's tongue had only borne a correct witness. Willard Hamerslie had inherited somewhat of his miserly father's grudging, grinding temperament. He was emphatically a money worshiper, and had allowed himself to be dazzled by the widow Baritone's legacy.

Mrs. Baritone herself was a trim, neat-waisted little woman, who looked many years younger than her actual age. People were uncharitable enough to say that she had become young since the sudden death of her husband, whose numerous faults and backslidings had kept her perpetually on the ragged edge of apprehension.

"He was a trial, Baritone was," confessed the widow, candidly. "There ain't no denyin' that. But I never knew how much store I set by him until they brought home his poor, battered hat out of the lime kiln, and told

me that was all that was left of him! Poor, dear Baritone! He always said that women hadn't no business to marry again; but he never could have foreseen this legacy. How is a poor female to invest it without a little advice? And, really, Mr. Hamerslie is so pressing; and I've lived a solitary life for three years, come next October, and—"

The last conjunction was swallowed up in a deep sigh. Plainly, the citadel which represented the widow Baritone's heart was about to surrender at discretion.

She sat there in the neatly kept kitchen, knitting away, in her black calico gown and black-ribboned cap, when Mr. Hamerslie came in that afternoon. How was she to know that he had just been closing up that little account in love's ledger with Columbine Carter? How was she to dream of Biny's scornful tears, her indignant rejection of the man's miserable subtleties?

"You have never loved me," said Biny. "If you had, you never could have left me in this way. Go to your rich widow! I, for one, will never stand in your path. Nor shall I stoop to enlighten her as to the true character of the man she is about to marry."

So Biny had dismissed her lover. Will Hamerslie had winced a little. It was not the sort of parting which he had pictured to himself. It trobbled him of all dignity and aplomb. But it couldn't be helped. Columbine was such an impetuous little thing that she never allowed him the opportunity to utter the smooth speech which he had so carefully committed to memory. It was awkward, but it was unavoidable.

Mrs. Baritone smiled broadly upon her young wooer as he entered her presence.

"So you've come back again," said she.

He sat down and took her hand.

"Do you think I could long remain away from you?"

"That's all nonsense," said Mrs. Baritone. But, nevertheless, she did not withdraw her hand.

"You promised me your answer to-day," said he. "You can imagine how eagerly I am waiting for it!"

"Well, really, I don't know what to say," simpered Mrs. Baritone. "If I believed you really loved me—"

"Can you doubt it, Melissa?" softly whispered Hamerslie, thinking of the ten-thousand-dollar legacy from old Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother.

"But I'm so much older than you are."

"Love does not go by the calendar," reasoned Mr. Hamerslie, tenderly.

"And Baritone always objected to second marriages," persisted the widow.

"But Baritone is dead and gone!" impatiently retorted the lover. "What can he possibly have to do with it?"

Just then occurred one of those marvelous happenings which have grown wise to the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction." The front door—which, according to the rustic custom of the place, was never locked—opened slowly, and in the doorway stood the well-known figure of old Uncle Baritone himself!

"Hello, Melissa!" was his greeting. "You seem to be enjoyin' yourself pretty well! And who the dickens is this young man?"

Mrs. Baritone jumped up with a scream. Mr. Willard Hamerslie caught up the poker and straightway retreated behind the cooking-stove.

"If you are a ghost," screamed the widow, "don't come any nearer."

"If you are a tramp, get out of this house!" roared Hamerslie, brandishing the poker after the most threatening fashion.

"I ain't neither one nor the other," said the apparition, leisurely seating himself. "It's me! Benjamin Baritone, as everybody supposed was killed in the lime pits! But I wasn't. I had the luck to tumble out of the kilns, as I'd tumbled in, and I was that ashamed, as I took myself off for good and all, says I to myself: 'Old fellow, your wife is ashamed of you, and so is everybody else. And you ain't of no use in the world, except to go fiddling around to barn frolics and husking bees.' So I smashed my fiddle, and I ran away. But times is hard, and it ain't easy to pick up a livin' when a man gets to my time of life, so here I am back again! And I've signed the temperance pledge, and I mean to stick to it, this time. Give me a kiss, old girl!"

And so the widow Baritone was a widow no longer.

"Won't you stay to supper, young man?" said old Uncle Baritone, hospitably, as he saw Will Hamerslie feeling about for his hat under the table. But Mr. Hamerslie declined the invitation.

Mr. Baritone enjoyed the legacy, himself—nor was his wife altogether dissatisfied at the unexpected turn which things had taken.

"He always was a good husband," said she, "except in the matter of ascetic spirits. And in that there particular he's a reformed man. And really no one couldn't imagine how cheerful his fiddle sounds about the house, when I'm a-doin' of the chores."

But Will Hamerslie was less reconciled to fate. He had lost the widow—Columbine Carter would have nothing more to say to him.

"I want no second-hand lover," said Biny, laughing. And when Hamerslie saw her laugh, he knew that love was fled.

He was right. Within six months, Columbine was married to a young lawyer who had come down from Albany to search some title-deeds in the courthouse records. And our luckless hero was left with neither wife nor legacy.

So run the fortunes of Love!—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

"I say," said the old subscriber, "what has become of the man who used to get up all those presidential tickets that would be sure to win for your paper?" "We had to give him a vacation," replied the editor. "He's been taken with a lucid interval."—Washington Star.

TOWSER MET HIS MATCH.

A Dog Has a Difficulty with a Gander and Comes Out Second Best.

A bit of meat cast on the lake in one of the parks of Allegheny City recently gave a forcible illustration of the renowned pugilistic qualities of the genus Anser. The scrap was tossed to an old gray gander, sailing and dipping majestically back and forth, with his harem at a safe and respectful distance behind him. Just as he made a graceful dive forward a stray dog, of hungry aspect and venturesome turn of mind, made for the meat also. The gander paused, astonishment written in every line of his craned neck and extended wings. The dog friskily brought up at the water's edge and reached out a paw. The coveted morsel was midway between him and the gander. Quick as thought the gander slapped the water with his wings, beating the scrap below the surface and diving after it. Somehow he miscalculated, and when he came up the morsel was dancing a few feet away. The dog, says the Pittsburgh Times, was softly dimpling the water with his paw. At every wave the scrap came nearer to him. The harem drew closer around its lord, and the oldest in the flock gave a few words of advice to him. She received a sound slap with a wing, apparently a command to mind her own business. Just as the dog reached out for the meat the gander gave a lunge also. Bill and paw both missed it. It disappeared, only to rise tantalizingly a few feet away.

The dog was no longer hilarious. This was too serious business, and he ran up and down the shore, back angrily, while the gander retired to wreak vengeance on his hapless harem. A moment later, seeing the scrap almost ashore on the waves of the conflict, he made a sudden dash. So did the dog. They met, and for a few seconds gray wings, dog hair and wild screams of purp and gander filled the air. Then the dog trotted slowly away with a face full of religious fervor toward the theological seminary, while the gander, wiping the sweat of victory from his brow, carried the scrap, for which he seemed to have lost his appetite, to his first family.

THE FIRST CABLE.

It Was Simply a Naked Core with No Protecting Sheath.

In modern cables the core is always protected first by a serving of hemp or jute and then by an outer sheath of soft steel wires, which are relied on to furnish the mechanical strength which the cable must have in order that it may stand the pulling about which it receives in laying and repairing. But in the pioneer trial there was no idea of a protecting sheath; the naked core was to be laid in the channel to form the first telegraph between England and France. There was but a single wire of copper inside, according to the Saturday Review (nowadays there is always a strand of several wires twisted together), and this was covered with gutta percha so thickly as to bring the diameter to half an inch. The covered wire was wound on a great reel on the deck of a steam tug in Dover harbor, and after a number of preliminary trips the line was laid on the 23d of August, 1850. Lead sinkers were attached at every hundred yards to carry the cable to the bottom, for in the absence of any heavy sheathing its specific gravity scarcely exceeded that of sea water. The attempt was at once made to open communication, but though signals seemed to pass nothing could be made of them, and Mr. Smith records that the operators at each end were regretfully forced to the conclusion that those at the other end had been lunching, not wisely, but too well. Next day matters were worse, no signals could pass at all. The cable was broken, and so ended this first attempt at submarine telegraphy.

The signals of the first day had been unintelligible, not because of any breach of continuity on the part of the cable or failure in temperance on the part of its guardians, but simply in consequence of electrostatic induction, the influence of which in retarding the electric pulses was not then understood. It was to overcome the difficulty caused by induction that Sir William Thomson, eight years later, invented his mirror galvanometer, thereby making it practicable to speak at a reasonable pace even through lines as long as those that cross the Atlantic.

The "Great Lady" in America.

A recent writer in the Nineteenth Century, in a study of New York society, puts forward the lady's maid as an important factor in the process of evolution which the society class has undergone during the last twenty years. The lady's maid is now as common in New York as in London, and her vast increase in this city may be regarded as significant of the change in the woman she serves. She has, in fact, developed from the woman of wealth and leisure, but still of simple habits, into the "great lady" of old world aristocracy. Said a visiting Englishman to a New York woman the other day: "I find the class distinctions here quite as strongly drawn as in London. Really, I think in the more formal households in which I have been the lines are preserved with greater rigidity than in many English establishments of the same class."

Mark Twain and the Reporter.

"Ten years ago," says a newspaper man, "I was very young and correspondingly fresh. I had secured a place as reporter on the Boston Traveller, and felt that I held the destinies of nations in my hands. I was taking hotel arrivals one day, when a stranger lounged up to the register and asked with a drawl: 'Editor of a paper here?' I nodded patronizingly, and he observed that it was a great responsibility. He said that he had tried hard to become a great editor, and once secured a place on a western weekly, but had been ingloriously discharged. He seemed quite heart-broken, and I proceeded to tell him that journalists were born, not made, and to make an egregious ass of myself generally. He lounged away, the clerk told me his name was Mark Twain and I made a sneak out the back way."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Advertisements in this column will repay perusal.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF ALL LADIES' SLIPPERS.

\$3.50 slippers, \$2.50.
\$2.50 slippers, \$2.00.
\$2.00 slippers, \$1.50.
\$1.50 slippers, \$1.25.

AT GOETZ'S,
No. 101 Salem avenue, Cor. Henry,
415 gm.

THE RADFORD CIGAR CO.

Sell only Union made cigars.
Their brands are
Cuba Leaf, Perfection and Chieftain.
Hand made and Union made.
\$2.75 gm. Ask for these brands only.

BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

I carry a full line of buggies, carriages, phaetons, surreys, harness, etc., for sale cheap. Get prices before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed.
D. V. REED,
Corner Fifth ave. and Roanoke St.
65 gm.

FRUITS! CANDIES! CAKES!!

Having succeeded Xanthanous, the confectioner and baker, at 106 Salem avenue s. w., I will write my friends and the public generally to patronize me. My stock of fruits, foreign and domestic, candies, cakes, toys, etc., is full and complete. Weddings, parties, etc., served.
A. C. MOSS,
61 ft.

THE OLD RELIABLE AND POPULAR DYE WORKS

is the only place to have your clothes perfectly dyed, cleaned and repaired.
Prices very moderate. Goods sent by express will receive prompt attention.
J. W. E. WALKER, proprietor,
corner Commerce and Campbell streets, Roanoke, Va. may26-6m.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ROANOKE!

I have resumed business at my old stand, stall No. 16, Second market. I will keep the freshest and tenderest meats, and sell at reasonable prices. Ask my old patrons to again place their orders with me. Respectfully,
W. N. SALE.
227 gm.

"ROANOKE STICKERS."

Can be had at THE TIMES office.

1,000.....\$.50 10,000.....\$ 3.75
3,000.....1.25 25,000.....8.50
5,000.....2.00 50,000.....15.00

Stick them on your letters.
Stick them on the wall.
Stick them everywhere and help advertise the town.

They are the same as the "ears" on the first page of THE TIMES.

DO YOU WANT JOB PRINTING

of any kind? If you do LOOKABLE'S PRINTING HOUSE, at Nos. 114 Jefferson street, and 8 Salem avenue, is the place to leave your orders. First class work promptly executed at moderate prices and satisfaction guaranteed.
Telephone No. 155. 417 ft.

THE ROANOKE TRANSFER

Company is prepared to do all kinds of hauling. They keep good wagons, good teams and responsible drivers. Prompt attention. Offices, Freight depot and Jefferson street, south. Telephone, 119.
oct1-37

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE

ladies: When you pack your trunk for your summer trip, don't crowd your fine dresses in and have them all wrinkled and out of shape, but come to the paper box factory of O. D. JENKINS, corner Sixth avenue and Second street s. w., and get boxes to pack them in. They will fit your trunk and save you lots of worry.
510 gm.

C. D. MAHONEY.

TIN SLATE AND IRON ROOFING.

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO, AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

311 ROANOKE ST. S. W., ROANOKE, VA.

C. A. HICKS, MANAGER. 415 ft.

HORSE SHOE RESTAURANT.

108 Nelson street, Roanoke. CHAS. GRAHAM, Proprietor.

Regular dinner.....15c
Bowling.....15c
Fried fresh fish.....10c
Steak.....10c
Cold roast veal, cold ham, with potato salad.....15c

Everything fresh, clean and cheap.

WILKINSON'S MEAT MARKET AND

FRESH MEATS, THE BEST AND CHEAPEST, AT WILKINSON'S MEAT MARKET, 1, City Market. Low prices. Free delivery.

Leave orders at Wilkinson's, Stall, City Market, for fresh milk, cream and butter. Low prices. Free delivery.

nov7-17

FREDERICK J. AMWEG, C. E. M. Am. Soc. C. E. & Engr's Club of Philadelphia; engineer, contractor and builder, Commercial Bank Building, Roanoke, Va. apr22-17

ARTIFICIAL STONE AND PAVING.

The Virginia Artificial Stone and Paving Company, Office, No. 620 First avenue n. w., will contract for artificial stone work, paving, guttering, yard decorations, etc. Estimates furnished; prices low. All work guaranteed.
J. D. PARIS, Prop'r.

NOTICE.—ALL TRAN-

sient advertising must be paid cash in advance, to save cost of booking and collecting. Advertisements in the one-cent-a-word column are one cent for each of the first two insertions and half a cent a word for each subsequent insertion.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

DIVORCE.—I WILL SEND A COPY of "Statute Law of Divorce of South Dakota" to any address for 50 cents. A. GUNDERSON, Attorney, Pierre, S. D. 727 ft.

VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR LADIES.

Perfection and Taylor Adjustable Shoes. Expands with every motion of the foot. They do not burn or blister the feet during the warm season. A narrow shoe of these makes can be worn. Shoes made to measure a specialty. 100 times more comfortable than any other make. Consolidated Shoe Co., M'F'rs., Lynn, Mass. For sale by CALVIN L. ROSSER, No. 602 Second avenue n. w., Roanoke City, Va. Agents wanted by the company in all sections. 724 law 13w

MISS BELLE FOLKES, A COMPETENT lady stenographer, with some knowledge of bookkeeping, desires a position. Address MISS F., box 26, Salem, Va. 724 ft.

PAINT YOUR HOUSE.—WE ARE

agents for the celebrated Billings, King & Co. pure paints. Every gallon guaranteed. It will go farther and last longer than any paint made. See us before buying. We have added slate roofing to our business and can make close prices. GROVES & GREENE, two doors west of postoffice. 717

WANTED—EVERYONE IN ROANOKE

who is building a house to buy their rates of us. Good groceries, complete \$2.70, will save you from 20 to 50 per cent. Visit our store and see our elegant line of hardwood mantels, grates, tiles, etc. You will feel repaid. Your home is not complete without these goods. Prices greatly reduced. GROVES & GREENE, 2 doors west of postoffice. 717

WANTED—5,000 CIGARETTE

smokers (judges only) to smoke Henrietta cigarettes. 712 ft.

WANTED—ALL CIGARETTE SMOKERS

to know that the Henrietta cigarettes are made in Roanoke. Smoke them, and you will find them far superior to any other. 712 ft.

\$1 TO \$5 SAVED ON RAILROAD

tickets bought at No 4 Jefferson street, Roanoke, Va. Member of A. T. B. A. Cut rates. 79 ft.

WANTED—HOUSEKEEPERS TO

try my \$5.25 hour. Every barrel fully guaranteed. Call up phone 214 or drop in at J. A. HOOVER'S feed and grocery store, corner Park street and Second avenue s. w. 77

W. MOSES JOHNSON, FORMERLY

with Terry, has opened a first-class barber shop at 111 Henry street, Times building, and will be pleased to serve his old customers and the public generally. 628 gm

BOARDING.

WANTED—BOARDERS AT N. E. corner Henry street and Seventh avenue s. w.; modern improvements. MRS. C. M. TATE. 723 lw

BOARDERS WANTED AT 302

Church street. MRS. OTEY. 720 lw

WANTED—ROOM AND TABLE

boarders at 406 Church street. 524 ft.

ROOM BOARDERS WANTED AT 318

Church street. 623 gm

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—MONDAY MORNING, BY A child, near Campbell and Jefferson streets, a \$5 note. Finder will confer a favor by leaving it at this office. 727 ft.

STRAYED TO THE FARM OF DAVIS

& Hutchens, Honsack, a small bay horse, branded on thigh and jaw, seven years old, hind feet white, cropped foretop. Owner can recover same by proving property and paying for advertising. 629 gm

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—ONE 6-ROOM HOUSE, Belmont, near Wheat street, \$1,500, \$100 cash; balance, \$20 per month. One 6-room house, John street, \$2,000, \$100 cash; balance, \$25 per month. See HARTSOOK, the Renter, 108 Jefferson street. 65 ft.

THE STUDEBAKER FARM WAG-

ON. For sale by HUGHES & CAMP. dec8-17

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT. 825 Salem avenue, 10 rooms, bath.....\$35 00
6 new houses near Lock Works, 6 rooms.....16 00
6 new houses near West End Rolling Mills.....12 00
7 new houses, West End, 5 rooms.....13 00
4 new houses, West End, 3 rooms.....12 00
2 new houses, Belmont, 6 rooms.....12 00
2 cottages, E. Roanoke near Machine Works.....8 00
W. I. WATTS & CO.,
Times Building.
110 ft.

SEE HARTSOOK THE RENTER, 108

Jefferson street, for list of store rooms 15-room house, Fifth Ave. s. w., \$13. 17-room house, Fifth Ave. s. w., \$15.75. 15-room house, Salem Ave., bath and closet, \$30. 15-room house, Third Ave. n. w., \$15, furnished \$20. 528 ft.

FOR RENT—STABLE WITH ROOM

for 4 horses. Apply to 312 John street, or Daily Record office. 721 ft.

FOR RENT—FRONT OFFICE IN

Times Building. Apply at THE TIMES business office. 46 ft.

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED

rooms with hot and cold bath privilege. MRS. PAYNE'S, 309 Campbell street. 720 ft.

AUCTION SALES.

NOTICE.—SALE OF STOCK OF THE FAIRVIEW CEMETERY COMPANY. The following list of subscribers to the capital stock of the Fairview Cemetery Company, having failed to pay the third assessment due by them, as follows:

S. S. Wentz: 21 shares, 3d assessment due.....\$150 00
Interest on same.....2 04

Total due.....152 04
M. F. Nemoy: 10 shares, 3d assessment due.....75 00
By cash.....25 00